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St. Benedict.

BY B. A.

If there was ever a time when the promise of our Divine Lord that the gates of hell should not prevail against His Church was needed to prevent zealous Christians from despairing of that Church's triumph, it was assuredly at the close of the fifth century. Europe has never known a more calamitous or apparently desperate period than that which then reached its climax.

Authority, morals, laws, sciences, arts, religion herself, might have been supposed condemned to irremediable ruin. In all the ancient Roman world there was not a single prince who was not either a pagan, an Arian, or an Eutychian. More than ever before the Church was infected by heresy, schisms and divisions. The clergy were far from being uniformly the shining lights for which they were intended; monasticism was rapidly becoming disintegrated in the East, and even in the West some symptoms of premature decay had already appeared.

Nowhere, however, does the adorable Providence of God more signally manifest itself as supervising, guiding and directing the life of His Church than in just such emergencies as this. No student of ecclesiastical history can have failed to note that with the rise of every heresy God has raised up in His Church some champion whom He endowed with the arms and strength necessary to cope with the evil, and who left upon his own and subsequent ages the impress of his spirit to be a tower of strength against the enemy. As with heresy so with the more insidious diseases of sloth and indifference

and corruption among Christians. When Christ gave to the world His divine precepts as the rule of its life, He foresaw that, notwithstanding His manifold graces, men would often fail in their observance; that the world, the flesh and the devil would unceasingly solicit, and all too frequently obtain, the allegiance of even His professed followers. As example must ever be more potent than precept, He resolved to maintain in the midst of a corrupt world a state of life which would exhibit to the eyes of men the Gospel in practice—or a reflex of His own life on earth—and to keep apart from the general corruption a select number of souls who would not bow the knee to Baal. The law-giver of this sublime state—he who pre-eminently deserves the title of Legislator of Western Monachism—was the great St. Benedict—the glorious patriarch of whom the Church says that, “living an angelic life, he was made to the world a mirror of good works.”

Born, in 480, of an illustrious family of Nursia in Italy, and descended, through his mother, from the last lord of that Sabine town, he spent his early years under the care of a pious matron; and when fit for the higher studies befitting his rank he was sent to Rome to attend the public schools. The licentiousness of some of the Roman youth with whom he associated soon inspired him with horror of the world; and to avoid being entangled in its snares, he resolved at the age of fourteen, to renounce fortune, knowledge, his family, all that would naturally appeal to the inclinations of youth, in order to live a life of solitude in converse with God. He left Rome quietly and made his way towards the deserts. His old nurse Cyrilla, who had accompanied him to Rome, and who loved him tenderly, followed him for thirty miles; but at Afilum he evaded her and pursued his journey

alone to the desert mountains of Sublacum, now known as Subiaco. Ascending these wild and barren hills, he met a monk named Romanus, who, learning of the boy's desire, furnished him with a hair-cloth shirt and a monastic dress made of skins. Proceeding on his way, Benedict discovered a dark and narrow cavern, a species of den into which the rays of the sun never penetrated. There he made his home, unknown to all, except the monk Romanus, who daily brought to him a portion of his own scanty fare. Romanus, however, not being able to reach Benedict's cell as the descent was too steep, let the provisions down to the young recluse at the end of a cord.

Three years were spent in this darksome grotto; and when, at the expiration of that period, Benedict was discovered by some shepherds, he was at first mistaken for a wild beast; but his discourses to them, and the efforts he made to instil grace and piety into their rustic souls, soon convinced them that they had encountered a true servant of God. From that time he began to be visited by many from the neighboring valley, giving them in return for such sustenance as he would accept, spiritual instructions with which they were deeply impressed.

The fame of his sanctity soon spread abroad, and a number were led to imitate his penitential life. While he was still quite young the monks of a neighboring monastery, on the death of their abbot, chose Benedict to be his successor. He consented with reluctance, and soon merited by his austerity the hatred of the less rigidly pious brethren of whom he had assumed the government. These unworthy monks attempted to poison him; but as the saint made the Sign of the Cross over the bowl containing the poisoned drink, it broke as if struck by a stone. Benedict then left them and returned to his beloved cavern. As he daily grew more illustrious, by reason of his eminent virtues and the miracles which he wrought, disciples flocked around him in crowds, and the most celebrated of the patrician families brought him their children to educate. Finally the number of monks increased to such an extent that he was constrained to build twelve monasteries, in each of which he placed twelve monks under a special superior. Some time afterwards, probably about the beginning of the second quarter of the sixth century, Florentius, an unworthy priest of the neighboring country, jealous of the Saint's glorious reputation, persecuted him and aspersed his character with grievous slanders. Not to inflame the envy of his adversary, the Saint

left Subiaco and proceeded to Monte Cassino in the kingdom of Naples. Here was built the world-renowned abbey which was to become the mother cloister for the whole order—the most powerful and celebrated abbey in the Catholic universe—celebrated especially because it was here that St. Benedict wrote his famous Rule, and formed at the same time a type that has served as an exemplar to hundreds of communities established in later centuries. Pope Urban II. styled this abbey a "sanctuary where monastic religion flowed from the heart of Benedict as from a fountain-head of Paradise." At Monte Cassino St. Benedict dwelt for the remaining fourteen years of his life; and although not a priest, he led the life of a missionary and apostle rather than that of a solitary. He seems to have acquired in an eminent degree the gift of reading souls, and certainly proved a providential guide to the thousands of young men who were placed under his direction. He bound all nobles and plebeians, young and old, rich and poor, under the same discipline. Being chosen by God for so exalted a mission as that of tracing out a perfect model of the religious life, he was enriched with eminent supernatural gifts, even those of miracles and prophecy. He often defeated the various artifices of the devil by making the Sign of the Cross, rendered the heaviest stone light by a short prayer while building his monastery, and, in the presence of a multitude of people, raised to life a novice who had been killed by the fall of a wall at Monte Cassino. St. Benedict died on the 21st of March, 543, forty days after he had seen in a vision his sister, St. Scholastica, entering heaven under the form of a dove. Having received the Holy Viaticum, he died standing—a death which, as Montalembert remarks, well became the great soldier of God.

Of the order which he founded, it should be said that wherever the Benedictine monks settled themselves they brought with them a high degree of culture and civilization: as the work of their hands changed the dreary desert into a fruitful soil, so their intellectual training effected a change in the aspirations of the people, and taught them to look for a higher and better life. There is little, if any, exaggeration in the assertion that from the 6th to the 13th century the education of Europe was Benedictine. An idea of the fruitfulness in sanctity of this famous order may be obtained from the statement that it has had the glory of giving to the Church 35 popes, 200 cardinals, 1164 archbishops, 5512 bishops and 55,460 religious publicly venerated for holiness of life.

We may add that there are in this country at present about 340 Benedictine Fathers—one hundred of that number being at St. Vincent's Abbey, Beatty, Pa.

Of St. Benedict's famous Rule, Montalembert says that it was the first written in and for the West. Up to the 6th century the monks of the Western half of the Roman world had lived under the authority of rules imported from the East, like that of St. Basil, or of traditions borrowed from the monks of Egypt and Syria. A continued and deep study of the Rule of St. Basil, Cassian's Conferences, and the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, but above all personal experience joined to exalted virtue, had long been preparing the holy patriarch for his great work; and when we add that St. Gregory, St. Thomas, St. Hildegard and St. Antonius believed it to be directly inspired by the Holy Spirit, we need not wonder that it has received so many and so high encomiums. The Rule is a series of moral, social, liturgical and penal ordinances calculated to form a permanent and uniform system of government by which to replace the arbitrary choice of models furnished by the lives of the Fathers of the desert and the somewhat vague and unmethodical precepts of Basil and Pacome.

Perhaps the chief difference between the Benedictine Rule and that of previous or contemporary orders was in the *vow of stability*, which no former rule had prescribed and which became one of the principal guarantees of the duration and strength of the cenobitical life.

A summary of all that has been said in praise of the Rule of St. Benedict is found in this from Bossuet:

"This Rule is an epitome of Christianity, a learned and mysterious abridgment of all the doctrines of the Gospel, all the institutions of the Holy Fathers, and all the counsels of perfection. Here prudence and simplicity, humility and courage, severity and gentleness, freedom and dependence eminently appear. Here, correction has all its firmness; condescension all its charm; command all its vigor, and subjection all its repose; silence its gravity, and words their grace; strength its exercise, and weakness its support. And yet always St. Benedict calls it a *beginning* to keep his brethren always in holy fear."

As to the causes that have led to the extension far and wide of the Order of St. Benedict, it seems quite clear that they are to be found in the adaptation of his Rule to the needs and capacities of many men in all ages and countries, in preservation of the spirit of their founder and in that exact observance of the rule which is the surest guarantee of the permanence and prosperity of any religious community.

Hamlet's Age.

BY JOHN S. SCHOPP, '94.

In studying the tragedy of "Hamlet," we must remember that the smallest details, though seemingly unimportant in themselves, have their full, significant relation towards the solution of the whole. From the observation of particular facts we proceed to a general cause. The same line of reasoning will hold good in considering "Hamlet." Every phase and trait of Hamlet's character must be closely observed; his very thoughts, expressed in those wonderful soliloquies, should be thoroughly analyzed and understood before venturing to say that this or that is the constant principle which governs all his actions—the key to the play. Even such an apparently insignificant question as that of his age must not be overlooked or disregarded. Indeed, I think it is one of the principal things needful in beginning the study of "Hamlet." It is very important, then, that we at once inquire how old Shakspeare represents his hero to be; for until this point is determined with approximate certainty, Hamlet is burdened with a disguise in which we clothe him when attributing to him years that are not rightly his.

The only direct evidence on the subject is that afforded by the testimony of the grave-digger in Act V., Scene I. Hamlet asks him:

"How long hast thou been a grave-maker?"

He replies:

"Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras."

Hamlet continues to question him:

"How long is that since?"

To which the grave-digger very wisely replies:

"Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born."

A little further on, in the same scene, the grave-digger declares:

"I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years."

At first glance this passage seems decisive as to the fact that Hamlet was thirty years old. But the statement

"I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years," can be explained as meaning that the sexton had begun to serve his apprenticeship thirty years ago. But the sexton may be sacristan, and is not necessarily the grave-digger. A boy may be sacristan, and often is; but it is not likely that a boy would be a grave-maker. The clown was probably first a sacristan, having the charge of the vestments and sacred vessels, and then, advanced in strength, became the

grave-digger. Moreover, if he had come to the trade of grave-making the day that young Hamlet was born, it is not absolutely certain that he came to it thirty years before; and consequently, it would not be a positive fact that this was Hamlet's age; for we see that the speeches of the grave-digger admit of two interpretations.

The most difficult part to get over in this scene is the statement that Yorick's skull had lain in the grave twenty-three years. If this be the case, and if Yorick had carried Hamlet on his back a thousand times, then he must assuredly be at least thirty years old. This would certainly be our conclusion did not a reference to the First Quarto (of 1603) show that in that edition the grave-digger says of a skull—the only one with which any time is connected,—that it hath been in the earth a dozen years. In the same edition there is no allusion at all to the time of Hamlet's birth; nor is there any mention made of thirty years. A change in numbers seems to have been made without any obvious reason throughout the play.

We know that Shakspeare delighted in local allusions; and it may be that he changed these numbers to make some telling hit. Again, it would appear that he added these details—if he added them at all—for much the same reason as he inserted the lines

"He's fat and scant of breath,"

namely, in order to render Hamlet's age and personal appearance more in conformity with those of the great actor Burbage who personated him. If all that is said of Burbage by some of his contemporaries is true, he was worth such a slight sacrifice on the part of the poet. For the same reason we might also account for the change made from a dozen years to that of twenty-three.

Besides the testimony of the grave-digger on this subject, there is another which seems to throw some light on the question, though indirectly. The passage occurs in the play-scene. The player-king and queen have entered, and the king begins with the words:

"Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands."

When the coming of the players is announced we will remember that Hamlet immediately snatches at the chance thus offered to him of testing the truthfulness of the Ghost tale, of unmasking Claudius, and either of forcing or surprising him into a confession of his guilt.

To succeed in his scheme, Hamlet asked the players to represent "The Murder of Gonzago," the particulars of which were somewhat similar to those revealed to him by the Ghost. To make the mock-play still more effective he arranges the plot and the circumstances of the poisoning according to the words of the Ghost. Moreover, he puts the speech of the player-king into a dozen or sixteen lines as he himself tells him in his first interview. It would seem, then, that the speech of the player-king, beginning

"Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round,

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands,"

was inserted by Hamlet to make a direct allusion to the time of the marriage of Hamlet's father and mother. This point would seem to corroborate the fact that Hamlet could scarcely have been thirty years old. Again, this circumstance would also be a material objection against Hamlet being more than from twenty to twenty-three years of age; because if he were older his mother could hardly have been the object of a passion such as that of Claudius. Gertrude herself does not appear to be more than forty-five years old; so that, if Hamlet was thirty, she must have been married at a very tender age.

There are many other allusions in the play which show Hamlet to be much younger than thirty years. The principal references to his youth will show for themselves that the weight of evidence is strongly in favor of Hamlet being a very young man.

He makes his first appearance in Act I., Scene II. The king and queen, with their courtiers, and Hamlet among them, have assembled, probably for the first time since King Hamlet's death, about two months before. Claudius, after attending to the business of the hour, turns to Hamlet and publicly rebukes him for continuing to mourn and grieve for the death of his father. When Hamlet assents to his mother's wish to remain at the court instead of going back to school in Wittenberg to pursue his studies, Claudius commends him in the most kindly manner. The king, as well as Gertrude his mother, addresses Hamlet as if he were a youth yet in tutelage, and not a man. The tone of reproof and good will which Claudius uses in his speech would, I think, be intolerable to a man of thirty. Even Hamlet's reply to the queen's request,

"I shall in all my best obey you, madam,"

is not the answer of a man whose love and respect for his mother oblige him to give up his favored project simply to please her. As

a youth, we see at once that there is no choice left him but to submit willingly.

If Hamlet were thirty years old, would he not have a revenue? Would not some provision have been made for him during his father's lifetime when he reached his majority? There are several passages in the play which show us that this was not done. Hamlet says of himself:

"And what so poor a man as Hamlet is."

And again, in Act II., Scene II., when speaking to his school-fellows, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,

"For, to speak to you like an honest man,
I am most dreadfully attended.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks."

Although he is a prince of royal blood, and has the voice of the king and of the whole of Denmark for his succession to the throne, yet we have seen that he cannot choose his residence. He remains at Elsinore because he must; but henceforth Denmark appears as a prison to him.

In the famous closet scene with his mother, Hamlet is again represented as very young. It is shortly after the mock-play which substantiated to Hamlet the truth of the ghost's tale. Polonius, shrewd and conceited politician that he is, has suggested to Claudius that the queen should call Hamlet to her chamber, and, all alone, request him to make known his griefs and sorrows, while he has very obligingly proposed to act as eavesdropper during the interview. Accordingly he hastens to the queen's closet before Hamlet and cunningly advises her:

"Look you lay home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;

Pray you, be round with him."

A man of thirty would not expect to be disciplined by his uncle; nor would Polonius dare to prescribe to the queen the manner of her treating a son of thirty years, calling his actions pranks. But the queen herself plainly shows that Hamlet is young, not only by accepting Polonius' advice, but by her reproof of him in the interview. We see that she is very angry with him, and that she means to rebuke him severely for his conduct that night by insulting both herself and the king in allowing the mock-play to be produced, which criticised their marriage so openly. Hence her surprise when Hamlet does not address her like a son awaiting a deserved reproof from his mother. His bold entrance to her presence, his impatient demand of her request, must, indeed, have seemed pure insolence to the queen. With

unfeigned astonishment she immediately asks:

"Why, how now, Hamlet?"*

Gertrude is evidently offended at her son's rude manner, and is about to leave the room, when Hamlet stops her. Do not the queen's words—

"Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak," plainly show that Hamlet is a mere youth? How inconsistent would be the threat if addressed to a man of thirty!

In the opening scene of the play Horatio directly alludes to Hamlet's youthfulness when he says:

"Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet."

In the first appearance of the ghost to Hamlet, the ghost says:

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood."

And a little further on:

"But know thou, noble youth—"

Again, in the scene where Ophelia tells her father that Hamlet has "importuned her with love in honorable fashion" and "countenanced it with sacred vows," Polonius, with his worldly prudence, counsels his daughter thus:

"For Lord Hamlet
Believe so much in him that he is young."

And in the same sense Laertes, before his departure to France, advising his sister Ophelia concerning her conduct towards Hamlet, says:

"For Hamlet and the trifle of his favor
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature."

This language, and much else used by Laertes, who is apparently of about the same age as Hamlet, seems inapplicable to a man of thirty. We see Laertes represented as a very young man not yet perfected in the accomplishments of the time. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who are the schoolmates of Hamlet,

"Being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humors," seem to be but young men of twenty-one or so. Claudius, when arranging the duel between Hamlet and Laertes, calls the former's skill in fencing

"A very riband in the cap of youth."

These are the principal direct references to Hamlet's youth which seem to be irreconcilable with the supposition that he was thirty years old.

I do not think the question is of so much importance on the stage as it is in the study. Yet the inquiry is not a useless one; for it makes a great difference whether Hamlet was twenty years old or thirty. The connection and natural

* The first quarto, I find, has "How now, boy?"

ness of the play depend upon our belief in his youth. We naturally look for greater ripeness of judgment and more self-command in a man of thirty than in a mere youth. A man of that age would endure his grief at his father's death, and his mother's hasty marriage differently from that of a man of maturer years. Besides, I do not think that a man of thirty would consider it necessary to feign madness to hide his intention; for Hamlet, by his pretended madness, exposes himself to discovery and confinement; both of which are likely to frustrate his plans.

The evidence of the grave-digger in regard to Hamlet's age should, I think, be set aside. The play itself in so many passages plainly points out his youth that it would seem foolish to argue thirty years as his age.

For the high philosophy of Hamlet, his occasional humor, his poetry, his moral and practical wisdom, which he pours out in inexhaustible variety and profuseness, enriching and adorning whatever he touches, though seeming to be that of a much older man, we must hold Shakspeare himself responsible. It is he who thinks, not Hamlet. It is said that the poet has unconsciously depicted himself in the character of Hamlet. In my opinion, then, Hamlet is not more than twenty-one or two. I have shown the reason for this conclusion taken from the play itself. I may close with the words of Mrs. F. B. Gilchrist, taken from her book on "Hamlet and Ophelia," and to which I am indebted for several of the views and opinions regarding the question of Hamlet's age towards a full statement and expression of them:

"The play becomes much more pathetic and beautiful, when we perceive that Hamlet, a young man, on whom all his coming years should smile, is in their spring despoiled of all the hopes and pleasures that usually accompany and brighten that age."

The Italian Dagger.

It was about ten o'clock on a brisk winter morning when Tom Burk drew up his team in front of the Brennan residence, two miles outside the city limits.

He was well acquainted with John Brennan; in fact, they were near neighbors. The latter had made him a call on the evening previous, but nothing was said which in the least accounted for the present gathering about the place. Two saddle horses were tied to the fence; three men were standing at the door talking to a sobbing child whom Tom recognized as Brennan's

younger daughter, and a fourth was taking a stroll in the direction of the barn.

Tom stopped his team and inquired for John. "Dead."

"What? Brennan dead!"

"Yes, dead," came the answer from the door. There was a silence, and the three men walked slowly out to the front gate.

"It cannot be," said Tom, half aloud; "why, only last night he was over to see me, and he looked as well as any man."

"But he is dead," answered the other. "Come in and see. His two daughters shall have a hard time of it, poor things! The elder is only nine and the other five. No father any more, and a kind father he was; their mother has been dead four years. Yes, John was found cold in his bed half an hour ago. I came up to borrow his sleigh, but—"

The four entered the room together. There lay the corpse, and beside it sat the elder daughter sobbing pitifully. What strange emotions filled the throbbing breasts of those sturdy men! What thoughts were surging through Tom's mind as he bent over the lifeless body of his former friend! Unbidden tears filled up his eyes as, turning to the rest, he whispered, "dead."

Poor John was dead. None knew his former history. He came unknown, a widower, three years before, and with him prosperity. Nor this alone; he had a "winning way," and won his neighbor's true respect.

Tom longed to remain, but to him every hour was worth a coin. They all withdrew to the door.

"Who is that fellow?" asked Tom pointing to the man at the barn-door.

"An Italian who was given lodging for the night."

"But it may be that he killed Brennan."

"Nonsense! how could he do it?"

"Well, that's the question. I know it is not right to accuse a man without some cause, some grounds; but, to tell the truth, I am not at all in love with that race of people. If this happened down in the South about a year ago when the whole country was agitated by the New Orleans affair, he would be in a far more dangerous position. I tell you there are more ways than one to look at this."

"Oh! Tom, I am afraid you are prejudiced. What do you take the man for?—A fool? Kill a man and then stay around to hear what the people will say? Bosh!"

"Good heavens! can't you see? That is the secret of it. Do it so that no one will suspect you. But wait a minute; I never said that John was murdered. I only made a suggestion. In the first place, there seems to be no evidence that he died by violence. Yet I can't for the life of me see how he died a natural death."

"Ah! here comes the Italian himself. Good

morning. How do you enjoy the fresh air this morning?"

"Just so-so," he answered, drawing forth his handkerchief from his hip-pocket. In so doing, however, he brought with it a purse which fell on the door-step half open, exposing to view three large gold pieces together with some small change.

Tom cast a suspicious glance at the individual, and as quickly scanned the faces of the other three who were standing by. He said nothing, but thought much.

The Italian's attention was immediately drawn to the purse by the noise it made on striking the ice boards; but what puzzled Tom most was that the incident did not embarrass the Italian in the least. The only thing he could possibly conclude would be that the money was the man's lawful property, or that he was a professional thief.

"Are you going to Stonebridge?" asked the Italian.

"Yes, I guess I am; slow driving though."

"Well, a little walk won't hurt me, anyway," he said, as he picked up his travelling bag which was nothing more than a small bundle wrapped up in a red bandanna. "Good morning," and away he went.

The four stood watching him until he had left the gate and turned towards town.

"Now, look here; this thing is getting to be quite a mystery. You noticed those twenty dollar pieces, didn't you?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the three in a breath.

"Well, where did he get them? If one were to judge by his dress, he isn't worth an eagle."

"I don't know," returned the other, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"You don't, eh? Just come in and inspect John's pocket-book. He sold his two-year old colt in town yesterday, and got paid in gold."

But the search for the pocket-book itself ended in a failure. John was accustomed to carry it about his person, but it was not to be found; suspicion became stronger on all sides. The body was examined, but no wounds were discovered, and Tom left the place trying to solve one of the greatest mysteries he had ever met with.

He soon overtook the Italian who saluted him, and asked for a ride which was granted rather reluctantly. The snow-drifts reached far out on the road, and made it very difficult for the driver to keep the great wooden sleigh from tipping over. Both men were on the alert; but circumstances were more than a match for their watchfulness. A sudden jerky movement threw the Italian sprawling to the ground, while Tom all but followed him. The horses were quickly stopped, and he got down to attend to the Italian who was just beginning to realize where he was. The farmer's quick eye caught sight of a small round box which was labelled "poison for—" at the same time that the Italian was concealing an ivory-handled dagger.

"Well provided in case of emergency," thought Tom, as the two again seated themselves in the sleigh, and continued their journey. As soon as the Italian had bidden his benefactor "good day" the latter reported to the police all that had happened; and in less than an hour nearly everyone in the little village of Stonebridge knew of the affair. The Italian, meanwhile, was arrested, charged with poisoning John Brennan of Longhollow District.

He was given a hearing at ten o'clock, and the following facts were developed: said box of poison was once used for rats, but at the time being contained only a small amount of sweet oil used for a sore on his hand. He claimed that he was travelling through the country, and stopped at Brennan's place for a night's lodging. He could offer no excuse for the possession of the dagger, which had been taken from him and was then in the hands of the attorney. The latter examined it with more than ordinary scrutiny, and as the old clock on the judge's desk ticked away the silent moments of suspense, the Italian's spirits seemed, for the first time, slightly ruffled. He looked like one whose secret was discovered. At last the attorney found the key to the mysterious weapon. On the guard close to the handle was a small button-like point. This he pressed and the shining blade fell to the floor, and in its stead flashed forth a fine stiletto, the most delicate and destructive the attorney had ever laid his eyes upon. The glittering blade was but a sheath.

"And bloody too!" he cried aloud. "Confess your guilt!"

The swarthy Italian looked his accuser in the face and paused before he said: "I am not guilty; set me free. Those traces of blood are older than you by many years."

The judge smiled, and the attorney could scarcely refrain from laughing.

The result of the proceedings was that the prisoner was placed behind the bars, and the coroner and physician sent to Brennan's residence.

The evening edition of the *Post* which contained the following explained all:

"EXCITEMENT IN LONGHOLLOW DISTRICT."

"The mystery of the Brennan farm is at length cleared up. The hale and hearty man of forty-five is still among his friends, alive, but in a trance. Tom Burk, deluded by appearances had circulated a report of his death; but we trust Tom is glad he was deceived. The Italian's account was true. The dagger was inherited property which he carried about him as a curiosity. As far as Brennan is concerned, he did not suffer in the least at the hands of his dusky guest. The physician says he knew John in his home in Philadelphia, and that while there he was subject to fits of this nature. Truly, the ways of life are full of mysteries!"

M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

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FROST J. THORNE, '94;	WM. V. MCNAMEE, '94.
H. L. Ferneding,	} <i>Special Contributors.</i>
P. M. Ragan,	
J. M. Flannigan.	

—In connection with the various Congresses which will be held in Chicago during the progress of the Columbian Exposition, it is proposed to hold an International Conference on Aerial Navigation, somewhat similar to that which took place in Paris during the French Exposition of 1889. The subject is one which, while it has hitherto been left chiefly in the hands of the more imaginative inventors (perhaps in consequence of the prodigious mechanical difficulties which it involves), has of later years attracted the attention of some scientific men and engineers. The principal objects of the conference will be to bring about the discussion of some of the scientific problems involved; to collate the results of the latest researches; to procure an interchange of ideas, and to promote concert of action among the students of this inchoate subject. It is proposed to invite the attendance of delegates from the various aeronautical societies of the world, and generally of persons who are interested in the scientific discussion of the subject. Prof. Albert F. Zahm, of the University, has been chosen Secretary, and will have the management and supervision of the Conference.

The Queen Isabella Association.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, has kindly favored us with a Fac-simile of the Letter and Envelope from His Holiness Leo XIII. to the Queen Isabella Association. The illustrious Pontiff bestows well-merited praise on the aim and object of the association; and it is hoped his words will have due influence with the managers of the Columbian Exposition that a worthy tribute may be paid to the memory of the royal patron of the Great Discoverer. We give herewith a translation of the letter:

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LADY:

"It gratifies me to announce to you that the sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. has received with great satisfaction the information conveyed to him through your ladyship's missive of October 12, that a numerous association of ladies has been formed, which has taken the name of "The Queen Isabella Association," and it has in view to honor that illustrious patron of Columbus by erecting a statue of bronze in Chicago, near the place of the Exposition. The Holy Father, justly appreciating the noble mind and piety of that exalted woman, and the merits she acquired toward religion and the entire human race by seconding the great discoverer in his designs, cannot but approve the purpose of the association over which you preside, and it is, therefore, in rendering to you (whom he paternally blesses) and to all the associates the merited praise, that he wishes, with all his great heart, that their enterprise may have a splendid and happy success.

"In conveying to your ladyship the above sentiments of the Holy Father, I rejoice to express the sentiments of my own distinguished esteem, with which I am your ladyship's

Most devotedly,

"M. CARD. RAMPOLLA.

"ROME, November 1, 1892.

"MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR,
"CHICAGO."

Criticism.

Criticism is compared, by Kames, to the filter in the reservoir. It cleans and purifies our literature and builds a barrier, and a formidable one, against vulgar pretensions, while at the same time it prevents the crude efforts of young authors from gaining a place that is deserved alone by men who have patiently toiled for years and accumulated vast stores of knowledge,—a position reserved for men who have proved the validity of their title. The accomplishment of such a task demands strength of intellect, keen, vigorous penetration, ready perception of the beautiful both in matter and in form, and a faculty capable of distinguishing the one from the other; and more than all, it

demands honor and firm, decided integrity, without which all else is of no avail. He may be a scholar, a ready and even good reviewer—but a critic, never! No: a critic, like a juror, should have no preconceived opinion of his own. Prejudice and partiality are weaknesses he must overcome (and it is much easier said than done), else he can never rank as first among those who shape the current of our nation's thoughts by guiding and ruling the armies of our standard literature. Possessed of all the qualities already enumerated, it is the study of a lifetime, and few even then attain a degree of excellence which will carry their labors beyond the century in which they live.

It may be regarded as the highest department of literature, and a complete triumph over the difficulties which are placed in the pathway of the aspirant very properly places him a king in the realm of letters. It is a subject of curious interest to watch the growth and progress of this class of composition—to compare the standard of critics and criticism of one hundred years ago with the standard of to-day—to notice the fierce, vindictive spirit with which the tyrants of literature swayed the sceptre of their authority over their unwilling but helpless subjects. At the beginning of the present century the object of criticism seemed to be simply to scourge the author of anything new, vigorous, or original; to attack him in a general way, and, failing in that, they were not loth to descend to the lowest personality. The only object seemed to be to teach him the theory of the divine right of kings and to scourge him into satisfaction had he the temerity to rebel. Such a state of things could not endure. The civil war between author and critic could not last forever, and terminated, as wars seldom terminate, in permanent benefit to both, by limiting in some degree the position of each. Literature has progressed, as a consequence, very rapidly; criticism has a more elevated and Christian spirit; and men who one century ago would have scorned to attempt a competition with such business and malignity are to-day holding the highest positions as critics of our literature.

The present century has been remarkable for the great minds it has called into this branch of art and the influence they have wielded, while in some cases scarcely asserting this authority at all. Not only is this true among the English-speaking people, but also in France, Germany and Italy. We are most familiar with the names of Jeffrey, Macaulay, Alison, Carlyle, and in our own country with Lowell, Emerson and Whipple; and they have exerted an influence over our

habits and manners that is immense, and can never be but imperfectly understood. Who can read that grand essay on taste by Alison, and that still more vigorous and discriminating criticism on the same by Jeffrey, and not feel that he never before fully understood what the word meant? Jeffrey was a prince among reviewers and critics; says Lowell, and his miscellaneous works should be the "Blackstone of all future generations of critics." But the opinion of Whipple is more nearly correct, who says: "To Jeffrey the world must ever acknowledge its indebtedness, in this only, that he elevated the tone of criticism and gave to it a vigor of expression, a terseness of style and brilliancy of diction that were only equalled by his want of sympathy with his authors, and charity for their productions." Nor are they alone to share the honor of elevating the literature of the language. Almost every journal, of any pretension whatever employs a literary critic, and frequently more than one, and they have toiled on in silence and almost without reward; and to them the chief honor is due that American authors rank high in the universal empire of letters.

The defect in American criticism to-day is the too lenient spirit of those who presume to be its guides. They are easily carried away by the sensational tendency of the whole bulk of literature; and when a man does a single clever thing, they are too apt to join the multitude in giving him credit for ability he does not possess in the remotest degree. This arises from two causes: a lack of genuine independence of thought, which insensibly impels them to follow the majority, and the prejudice which arises from political or fixed principles of thought and action. A great number of those who assume the garb of critic not only lack ability, but do not seek to inform themselves in the rudimentary principles of criticism, boldly asserting their own opinions as the standard by which the world shall judge; but the men who think while they read are very certain to receive their opinions for what they are worth; and, were it not so, the world might well return to the merciless sarcasm of Swift and Gifford, which, if it was deficient in sympathy, at least was bold and independent. And thus every attempt at criticism should be. It is the fundamental principle, the basis of the structure; but its development depends on the ability of man to make knowledge most familiar, to explain truth, and to carry the spirit of generalization and true philosophy of history into the walks and habits of private life. . D.

Louis Pasteur.

Probably no one person has been so constantly before the public during the past third of a century as the illustrious French chemist and biologist, Louis Pasteur. Certainly no one has ever been more successful in his undertakings, and no scientist now living is more entitled to the gratitude and affection of his fellowmen. His life, although in great part spent in the seclusion of the laboratory, reads more like a fairy-tale than that of a man of science engaged in solving problems that his predecessors had given up in despair, and which his contemporaries had pronounced insoluble. Any one of Pasteur's achievements—and they are counted by the score—would suffice to insure him immortality, so important and far-reaching are his discoveries, and so brilliant his conquests in the domain of microscopic life.

It will be three-score and ten years the 27th of this month since Pasteur saw the light of day. Born of humble but pious parents, he early exhibited those traits of character which so distinguished him in after-life. In early youth he manifested a decided taste for scientific pursuits; and while yet in his teens he surprised his professors by his knowledge of chemistry and physics, and by his skill as an experimenter. He seemed to possess an intuitive perception of the best methods of questioning nature, and of wresting from her her secrets.

At an early age he entered the Ecole Normale—the most celebrated of the many great educational institutions of France—and here he came in contact with some of the most eminent scientists of the time. He soon made the acquaintance of Dumas, Mitscherlich, Balard, Biot, Arago, and other distinguished professors of physical and chemical sciences. He attended the lectures of Dumas and Balard at the Sorbonne and the Ecole Normale, and was soon recognized as one who was destined to make his mark in the world of science.

His first researches were in crystallography, and so important were the results obtained that they were brought before the French Academy—a great honor in itself—and incorporated in its collected *memoires*.

In 1847 he was made professor of physical sciences at Dijon. Subsequently he taught chemistry at Strasburg, and later on organized the scientific faculty at Lille. In 1857 he became the scientific director of the Ecole Normale, where a few years before he had won such

distinction as a student. In 1862 he attained the highest honor to which a Frenchman can aspire—a seat among the Immortals in the renowned Academy of Sciences. From this time forth he devoted himself with more energy than ever to original investigation, and with a success that made him the marvel of his associates and the wonder of the scientific world.

Not a year passed—frequently not even a month—that was not signallized by some valuable contribution made to science by the young and brilliant Academician.

While engaged in his researches in crystallography, Pasteur's attention was suddenly deflected to the study of fermentation. He was not long in arriving at the conclusion that all the then received theories—notably that of the famous German chemist, Liebig—of fermentation were radically wrong. Continuing his investigations with a zeal and an enthusiasm that has characterized his whole career, he was soon able to demonstrate, even to the most skeptical, that fermentation is in all cases caused, not by oxidation, as Liebig supposed, nor by catalytic action, as Berzelius and Mitscherlich taught, but by certain microscopic forms of life that had hitherto escaped detection even by the most skilful observers.

Pasteur was the first to recognize the magnitude and the prolific nature of his discovery. It opened up a vista that was simply bewildering in the immensity of its perspective. He had discovered a new world—a world called by the French scientist Pouchet, "the world of the infinitely little,"—a world which, to the clear vision of Pasteur, was destined to yield precious harvests to those students of nature who should properly cultivate its fertile fields.

Forms of life that had never been dreamed of, much less seen, were discovered in rapid succession by the quick eye of Pasteur, or revealed by the clever methods devised for their detection, and applied in his experiments. He showed that microscopic plants and animals everywhere abound, in the earth, in water, in the atmosphere; that they swarm over the furniture of our rooms, attach themselves to our clothing, and have an abiding place,—and countless numbers of them,—on and in all the higher forms of animal and plant life.

Having ascertained the real nature of fermentation, and demonstrated that the active ferment is in every instance a living thing,—generally a microscopic fungus,—Pasteur proceeded to investigate the maladies of beer, wine, and vinegar. He was soon able to show, not only that these maladies were occasioned by microscopic forms

of life—microbes we now call them,—but also to state what was their character, and indicate how they could be rendered harmless, or completely destroyed. Only those who are familiar with the immense losses annually incurred by the manufacturers of vinegar, beer and wine, can fully appreciate the economic value of Pasteur's researches on fermentation, and the results at which he arrived. It is no exaggeration to say that Pasteurism—the method of preparing and preserving beer, wine and vinegar, introduced by Pasteur,—has been instrumental in saving millions of dollars annually to the producers of these staple articles of commerce.

While engaged in his researches on fermentation, Pasteur was called upon by his friend Dumas, and urged to investigate the cause of the disease of silkworms that was then rife, and which threatened to ruin one of the chief industries of Southern France. Up to that time Pasteur had never had a silkworm in his hand. He could not, however, resist the pleadings of his friend, who made himself the advocate of the thousands of poor working people whom the plague threatened to reduce to penury and starvation, and at once made preparations to repair to the centre of the silk-producing district. His previous experience with microbes led him at once to suspect that the real cause of the silkworm disease was certain microscopic parasites which would be found to infest the worms, or their eggs, or both.

It was not long before he was able to prove the truth of his surmise. His next step was to devise some means of staying the plague, or of destroying the pest, and thus conserve that silk-husbandry in which his country had so long taken such a pardonable pride.

In this undertaking he was likewise successful; but it came very nearly costing him his life. His long and assiduous work, and his countless observations with the microscope, brought on paralysis of one side, from which he never entirely recovered. For a while his life was despaired of; but he was eventually able to resume his labors, although he still remains a lame man, and walks rather slowly and with difficulty.

The subject of spontaneous generation was one in which Pasteur was much interested; and it is to him that the world is indebted for finally giving a decisive answer to a question that had puzzled philosophers and men of science since the days of Aristotle. By a series of the most ingenious and brilliant experiments Pasteur proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that life, in all cases, arises from antecedent life,

and that in no instance is organic matter ever developed from inorganic matter.

The controversy regarding the question was long and heated; many distinguished scientists took part in it; but all were compelled in the end to admit the validity of Pasteur's reasoning, and that in spite of all their preconceived notions to the contrary. The illustrious experimentalist summed up the protracted debate by declaring that "There is not one circumstance known at the present day which justifies the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs, or without parents like themselves. Those who maintain the contrary have been the dupes of illusions and of ill-conducted experiments, tainted with errors which they know not how either to perceive or to avoid. Spontaneous generation is a chimera."

Pasteur's conclusion regarding spontaneous generation was a great blow to those scientists of the atheistic and materialistic school, who deny the existence of God, because, according to them, a creator is unnecessary; because, forsooth, they fancy they can find in brute matter alone "the promise of potency of all terrestrial life." They had appealed to science in support of their infamous doctrines; and science, through Pasteur, gave them an answer they least expected—an answer, too, in full accord with the teachings of revelation and Catholic dogma.

The researches in fermentation and spontaneous generation—important as they were, all of them,—were but the prelude to others still more important. For centuries the flocks and herds of France, as well as of other parts of the world, had been decimated by a terrible plague known as splenic fever. In France alone, in some years, the losses due to this scourge amounted to no less than twenty million francs. Man, too, was subject to the fell disease, and many were the victims annually claimed by the fearful disorder.

Pasteur, being neither a doctor nor a surgeon, hesitated some time before entering upon the study of the nature and origin of virulent diseases. But he had scarcely commenced his investigations when, with the intuition of genius, he announced to an astonished world that microscopic organisms—microbes—were the causes of disease as well as of fermentation, and demonstrated to an incredulous public that the contagia of infectious diseases are, in all cases, living things. The germ theory of disease with which everyone is now familiar, was put on a solid basis, and both medicine and surgery were raised from empirical arts to veritable sciences.

Shortly after Pasteur had announced his great

discovery, Tyndall wrote to him as follows: "For the first time in the history of science we are able to entertain the sure and certain hope that in relation to epidemic diseases medicine will soon be delivered from empiricism, and placed upon a real scientific basis. When this day shall come"—we can say now that it is come—"humanity will recognize that it is to you the greatest part of the gratitude is due."

The eminent English surgeon, Dr. Lister, famous as the originator of the beneficent antiseptic method now so universally employed, expressed himself in similar terms: "Permit me," he writes to Pasteur, "to take this opportunity of sending you my most cordial thanks for having, by your brilliant researches, demonstrated to me the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction, thus giving me the only principle which could lead to a happy end the antiseptic system."

But Pasteur was not satisfied to show that microbes are the cause of virulent diseases, he determined to seek a means of counteracting their influence, and did not rest until his researches resulted in victory. After a long series of the most delicate and original experiments—many of which were not unattended with danger—he was able to announce to his associates of the Academy that he had discovered a vaccine for splenic fever, and that he was in a position to control, if not entirely neutralize, the ravages of the plague. He was able also to state that the principle of vaccination could be applied to other contagious diseases, and with like beneficent results.

After being victorious over splenic fever, fowl-cholera, and a number of other virulent diseases, Pasteur turned his attention to that most dreaded of human suffering, hydrophobia. The case seemed hopeless; but the hero of so many victories, won under almost equally unfavorable conditions, did not despair. He went to work with his characteristic determination, and after long and arduous labors, and a series of experiments that would have occupied the lifetime of any ordinary man, he was able to give to the world his message of triumph. A glorious victory it was, and there could be no doubt about its reality and permanence. Hydrophobia was conquered, and Pasteur was again the victor. The numerous hospitals established in various parts of the world for the treatment of rabies, and the reduction of the mortality due to the frightful disorder to a fraction of one per cent.—it was formerly from thirty to seventy per cent.—attest the paramount value of his wonderful discovery.

For some years past Pasteur has been engaged in a systematic search for the means of preventing or curing that plague before which the world has so long stood aghast—Asiatic cholera. Will he be victorious again? Personally, I have no doubt about it. Victory, even now is as good as assured, and we may hope that if Pasteur's methods are applied in season, the terrible visitant of former times will, in his next tour around the world, be comparatively harmless.

With truth, then, may his countrymen call him "the great savant"; well may the government of his country proclaim him "the glory of France, the benefactor of agriculture and of French industries," and well may the learned societies of the civilized world shower upon him the highest honors within their gift. He has deserved them all, and yet more. With reason, too, could Prof. Huxley declare that "Pasteur's discoveries suffice, of themselves, to cover the war indemnity of five millions of francs paid by France to Germany."

But I should be giving but an imperfect picture of the illustrious Frenchman if I were to speak of him only as a great scientist. Devoted as he is to science, he is equally devoted to the faith of his fathers. An honor to his country, he is at the same time an honor to the Church that has given to the world a St. Louis and a St. Vincent de Paul. If the French Institute acknowledges in him, as it must, its ablest representative of science, it has also, on more than one occasion, been compelled to respect him as a valiant and uncompromising champion of religion. Never shall I forget the last time I saw him. It was in the famous *Institut Pasteur* in Paris. In a room adjoining the one in which I was conversing with him were upwards of eighty persons from various parts of Europe and Africa seeking—and with confidence of sure relief depicted on their countenances—immunity from the horrors of threatened hydrophobia. In an ante-room were numbers of others come to express their gratitude for what he had done for themselves, or for some who were near and dear to them. Whenever he appeared in public he was the cynosure of all eyes, the object of admiration, I may say, of veneration. But great as Pasteur now is, he is destined to become greater as the years roll by, and as the world awakens to a proper realization of his priceless services to humanity. Deep as is the love which his fellows now entertain for him, marked as are the honors which have been lavished upon him, it is to the future we must look for a proper appreciation of his merits as a savant and as a man,—a future which it is

certain will crown him as one of the greatest glories of science, and proclaim him one of the noblest benefactors of his race—the wonder-worker of the nineteenth century.—REV. JOHN A. ZAHM, C. S. C., in *Colorado Catholic*.

Exchanges.

It is gratifying to know that most of our exchanges have not allowed the blessed Yuletide to pass unmarked, but have put on the festive spirit of the season. One wise friend from Ottawa University is making things 'owl evidently, for its table of contents reveals an exceptionally excellent month's work in literature. The *Dial*, too, seems to have absorbed all the sunshine of Kansas, and hoarded it away within bronzed covers for Christmas. The *Abbey Student* is an interesting young fellow in holiday dress. He has a future before him. *Res Académica*, notwithstanding his foreign name and his aristocratic airs, has proved himself a very agreeable fellow, after all. His name, indeed, is rather singular, being plural. The *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*, too, is *en fête* with the Christmas spirit, serene, joyous, academic. The *Salve Regina*, whom all hail as the queen of convent journals, bows itself modestly into our sanctum, and receives its place on our right hand.

The *College Echo* is one of the ablest exchanges that come us. The one uncomfortable feature of it is that it does not visit us more frequently; but we are glad to learn that a movement is afoot to make it a monthly instead of the quarterly that it is. The current issue presents a most interesting study in physiology, bearing the caption "Wonderful Experiences of a Spider in a Man's Stomach." The bare thought of making a meal of tarantulas is distressing enough, to be sure; but how much more horrid if the accident were to befall a timid man but lately gone to Texas! But, of course, those veteran "Texicans" can swallow anything, even six-shooters and—"tanglefoot."

The *Buff and Blue*, of the National College for the Deaf, Washington, is one of the few exchanges which we can pick up with any pleasure. In the current issue, a "grad" of four years' standing exhausts his vocabulary in eulogy of "College Grub." One cannot help hoping that the college commons was more tasteful than the word which is taken to stand for it. Be that as it may, our eulogist avers

that health and good digestion wait on college dinners; and that indigestion is one of the privileges that go with the sheepskin. Alas! that Mrs. Quinn, dying, should have withheld the secret of that delightful corncake!

In "A Romance of Early Nova Scotia," the *King's College Record* tells a story of the rare devotedness of a woman in the first days of the colony. The incident is, indeed, well told in the *Record*; but will not some Canadian Longfellow embalm the tale in immortal verse? Would that our own Boyle O'Reilly were with us still! the story would have got very near his heart.

There is an extraordinary article in the December *Dickinson Liberal*. Our first thought was that it came from an undergraduate; but on closer examination it was found to emanate from a learned Professor. Prof. Shepherd makes the sheepish assertion that, "in the year 1600, the Roman Catholic Church believed that God's works are all perfect, and that seven is the perfect number; and therefore it said that our planetary system, which is made by God, is perfect and is composed of seven members,—the sun, moon and the five planets; for these were all that were known to science. So firmly did they adhere to this dogma that they would not look through Galileo's telescope to see the moons of Jupiter, because they thought that to admit that there were more than seven members of the solar system would be to acknowledge the imperfection of God's works." Now how would the learned Professor like to see this charming bit in a Catholic journal! "In the year 1800 the Protestant Church believed that God was omnipotent, and that he never failed of His purpose; and therefore it was that lightning-rods were sacrilegious, as aiming to oppose God's will. So firmly did they adhere to this dogma that they allowed their houses to be struck with lightning rather than thus 'fly in the face of Providence'?" Whatever errors Catholic writers may fall into, they seldom make the mistake—so common amongst our separated brethren—of confounding popular beliefs or superstitions with the dogmatic teachings of a church. Of course we give our non-Catholic friends credit for the spirit of fair play; but it is a mystery how they fail of success when they attempt to look straight at Church history. Prof. Shepherd gets a little nearer success than most other Protestant writers; if we had not been favorably impressed with his spirit we should have passed over his work in silence.

Personals.

—Mr. W. Larkin, of the Class of '90, has returned to Notre Dame. He is teaching in the Preparatory department, and we are glad to see him back.

—Rev. P. J. Franciscus, C. S. C., arrived last week from Rome where for a number of years he had resided as Procurator-General of the Order of Holy Cross. He has been assigned to the Superiorship of Mt. St. Vincent at Notre Dame.

—Charles K. Hibben, '67, is prominently connected with Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, New York, of which Robert A. Pinkerton, '68, is the Principal. Messrs. Pinkerton and Hibben retain the old-time friendship for *Alma Mater*, and are always pleased to meet and greet friends from Notre Dame.

—Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C., and Col. William Hoynes went to Laporte on Sunday last to attend the funeral of Mrs. Jacob Wile. The deceased was the mother of David Wile, '71, an estimable lady, and an old-time friend of Notre Dame. Mr. Wile and family have the sincere sympathy of their numerous friends here in this sad affliction.

—Very Rev. M. E. Campion, '67, Rector of St. Vincent's Church, Logansport, Ind., celebrates to-day the twenty-fifth anniversary, or Silver Jubilee, of his ordination. His many friends at Notre Dame extend their heartiest congratulations with best wishes for many years of successful labor in the sacred ministry crowned with the splendor of a golden jubilee.

—Joseph D. Murphy, '68, is the accomplished managing editor of the *Catholic Times*—the paper recently established in Philadelphia under the chief direction of the renowned Father Lambert. Mr. Murphy was one of the first editors of the SCHOLASTIC soon after its inception in 1867, and retains the happiest memories of his youthful editorial career, as well as of the good old days at Notre Dame.

—The editorial corps of the SCHOLASTIC during the first year of its existence, '67-'68, was as follows: W. T. Johnson, John Fitzharris, Joseph D. Murphy, J. F. Edwards, George Dixon, John P. Rogers, H. C. Allen, W. R. Spalding, B. H. Thomas, H. B. Keeler, J. McBride, T. W. Ewing, James W. Watts, John C. Kereney, S. B. Hibben, James O'Reilly, A. J. O'Reilly, James Cunnea, M. C. Peterson, J. Gibbons, Roger A. Brown, T. O'Mahoney, D. A. Clarke, Francis Guthrie and N. S. Wood.

—Rev. J. Boland, Vice-Rector of Sorin Hall during the last scholastic year, is at present Prefect of Discipline in St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas. Father Boland's first sermon was preached to the students of that institution on the 8th of December last. The *College Echo* speaks of the event in the most flattering terms, and predicts for the young preacher a high

degree of success in the pulpit. Father Boland's many amiable qualities endeared him to all at Notre Dame, and all extend congratulations on the success attending his labors in the sunny South.

—We have received with deep regret the intelligence of the death of Albert Rudd, '88, of Owensboro, Ky., who departed this life on Christmas morning at Spokane Falls, Wash., in the 24th year of his age. During his collegiate career he was highly esteemed by his professors and fellow-students for his excellent qualities of mind and heart. The *Owensboro Messenger* pays the following well-merited tribute to his memory:

"Albert Van Prodelles Rudd was the son of James C. and Colegate M. Rudd. He was born October 13, 1869, and had just commenced a business career that gave promise of the most flattering success. On the 12th of May last he went to Spokane, and at the time of his death was cashier in the office of the Great Northern railroad in that city. He was an excellent young business man, and a perfect gentleman in every respect. From his boyhood he was modest, affable and always considerate of others. His friends were only limited by his acquaintance, and during the past few days, since his alarming illness became known, there has been great solicitude in the community about him, and now that he is dead there is general grief. He was a devout Catholic and a most punctual attendant at church. In all the walks of life he was a model young man."

Local Items.

- It snow matter!
- We are all here!
- Big snow storms.
- "Mr. Here over there."
- The turkey ate the cake!
- All the "grads" are back.
- Will '93 have a class book?
- "Le' me see yoh ole two bits."
- "Chuck" says St. Louis is booming.
- What happened to "Spike's" mustache?
- Has that "154 pound man" been found?
- Sounds of bells by bell-ringers fill the air.
- What are *you* doing for the World's Fair?
- Have the societies organized for the second session?
- How many on the way and how many in the drift?
- Locals are scarce—everything quiet after the holidays.
- The latest reports say that Marinette is snowed under.
- "Judge" Reny has returned to resume the study of Law.
- "Our limbs are overburdened," says the tree, "with snow."
- "Robin Adair" is with us again. He came with the blizzard.
- Where is the crowd that used to go to the P. O. after dinner?

—The Iroquois have returned, and we are about to reorganize.

—John says they had four balls during the holidays—snow-balls.

—Everything in its place. Well, then, this snow should be in Alaska.

—Since the holidays there are two ambitious young actors in our midst.

—We have the war-whoop now, wonder if kikapoo salve comes next?

—“Fifteen below! That’s pretty cold!” says the boy from near the Gulf.

—Misky is arranging his latest piece, “Bonny Iva Chesky,” in a polar key.

—Did you ever see such lovely weather for Indiana in your life? Never!

—Three cheers for the second session! On boys, down the home stretch!

—“Eddie” has secured a stock of new songs for the Sorin Hall Glee Club.

—Will some one please answer the query: When does the new year end?

—Says a Sorin Hall boy: “Four boys yet out. I wonder if they are snowed in!”

—Everyone enters upon his duties with renewed vigor after a pleasant vacation.

—To the man who’s trying to freeze people at the Presbytery: “Beware! There’s a day of retribution.”

—The *Local* Ed. got *Personal* the other day. *Personal* will turn the tables soon if *Local* does not look out.

—The last room in Sorin Hall was taken this morning. Mr. Kunert of Brownson Hall is the lucky man.

—A certain resident of the Badger State says there were six feet of snow up there. Hence his delay in returning.

—When the robins come again the weather-prophet will be with us and old Boreas “will be on to another job.”

—Many favorable comments have reached us in regard to our Christmas issue. Look out for the Easter number!

—Our genial Jim, of boiler fame, reports that the cold wave succeeded in freezing even the head-lights on his train.

—During the present session Dr. Egan will lecture to the students of the English Course on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

—The old Bostonian smile gleams on the Rev. “Rector’s” genial countenance. Second flat is full, and his festive work has begun.

—Richard and Robin are taking in the sights in the Windy City. A paper on their adventures will appear shortly in the *SCHOLASTIC*.

—One of the old land-marks, the Foy homestead, has been ruthlessly demolished to make way for the course of modern progress.

—Rev. Father French, C. S. C., has donated

a number of classical works to the Seminary Library, which is now almost complete.

—The Staff returns thanks to our Marinette friend who kindly invited us to his “Reception”; but as dress suits were scarce we could not accept.

—The members of the society of the “Sons of the Syllogism” are considering the advisability of changing their title to that of “Knights of Metaphysics.”

—Rev. Father Mohun has received several new instruments for the band. We may expect some good music soon, probably a band concert about the 1st of Feb.

—FOUND—In a heap of snow on St. Mary’s Lake a new pair of skates with a — attached to the same. Owner will please call at the “gym” for identification.

—Sorin Hall is a little lonesome. The violin, like the festive bull-frog, will not be heard until the blossoms are on the trees and Buck’s musical proclivities have been thawed out.

—All returning students bring from their parents wishes for a Happy New Year to Rev. President Walsh. How can they deliver their messages? The *SCHOLASTIC* undertakes the task with pleasure.

—The “Garland of Christmas Posies,” which was to be published during the holidays, has been reserved for the Easter season. The author modestly considers it “bad form” to sing of sunflowers while these snow-storms continue to be fashionable.

—During the holidays the chapel at Holy Cross Seminary was repaired and elegantly refurnished. The Seminarians have reason to rejoice over their Christmas gift, which came in the form of a beautiful new altar, the work of Bro. Columbkille, C. S. C. It is tastefully designed and finished in white and gold colors.

—On Sunday last the solemnity of the great festival of the Epiphany was observed in the college church at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Rev. Fathers Hagerty and Ill as deacon and subdeacon. The Very Rev. celebrant preached an eloquent sermon on the lessons of the festival.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Michigan Catholic*, says of our Christmas number:

“The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC appears in a holiday dress. M. A. Quinlan contributes a poem which indicates marked poetic talent. Instead of the usual literary essays, each member of the Staff appears in a short story, ten in all; these stories, if somewhat curde in style, are all interesting and some of them decidedly original.”

—“Fitz,” the “Squad” and “Ne-ju-eh” are back. “Fitz” still has his affable ways and ready smile; has lost nothing except his pom-pador, and we see his raven locks now parted in the middle. The Indians eagerly anticipated the return of “Ke-wor-neh,” the big chief, and then the protracted war dance will commence, to close on Exhibition day in June.

—The celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Notre Dame was an event of general State interest. The University is one of the largest Catholic educational institutions in America. Centrally situated, so as to be easily accessible from all parts of the country, its students represent every section. People of all creeds and beliefs will rejoice that the Founder of this distinguished University, the Very Rev. E. Sorin, is still living. Although in his eightieth year, this venerable priest and teacher was able to participate in the ceremonies of the anniversary. The French Catholics who carried the cross and the lily banner into this Western country where the Indian was still monarch of all he surveyed, have left a noble monument to their endeavors and achievements in this University. La Salle and Marquette—how far in the distance their names carry the thought! What a leap from the old-time of the portage and the slow over-land routes from east to west! The *courier du bois* used to roam the country, plying his paddle up and down the Wabash; but now hardly a French name remains to indicate that we were once under the sway of France. The Catholics are to be congratulated that their efforts to bring the West under civilized influences resulted so honorably. The great University of Notre Dame is an honor to Indiana. Everywhere there will be good wishes for it and its beloved Founder on the occasion of this anniversary.—*Indianapolis News*.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Jewett, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Schopp.

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L. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Girardin, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, Hargrave, Hoban, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Heizman, Jones, Janssen, Jonquet, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kindler, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, Langevin, T. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lane, Lippman, Levy, G. M. Lee, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, May, Mengis, Mills, Marr, Moss, Moore, Monaghan, R. Miers, McDonald, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, McDonald, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, Oliver, Pim, Rumely, Ruppe, Repscher, Roesing, Romero, Renesch, Reber, Sievers, Sweet, Stearn, Stern, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelter, Strassheim, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Wolf, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Ward, York, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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At 6 p.m. daily one of the handsomest trains in the United States, and known as the Northwestern Limited, leaves the passenger station of the Northwestern Line in Chicago on its journey to St. Paul and Minneapolis, the twin cities of the Northwest. Vestibuled throughout, and equipped with buffet, smoking and library cars, private compartment sleeping cars, drawing-room sleepers and superb dining cars, it furnishes its occupants with every comfort and convenience which could be desired by the most fastidious.

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